

## HOME MAGAZINE.



DOUBLE PAGE.



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTER.  
John Gourlay has raised himself to the position of autocrat of the Scotch village of Barrie. He is hated by every one for his brutal tyranny. He has built and lives in the finest house in that part of the country—The House with the Green Shutters.

## CHAPTER II.

## The Son.

JOHN GOURLAY, the younger, was late for school. There was nothing unusual about that; he was late for school every other day. To him it was a howling wilderness where he played a most appropriate role. If his father was not about he would hang round his mother till the last moment, rather than be off to old "Bleach-the-boys"—as the master had been christened by his scholars.

"Mother, I have a pain in my head," he would whimper, and she would console with him and tell him she would keep him at home with her—were it not for dread of her husband. She was quite sure he was anything but strong, poor boy, and that the schooling was bad for him; for it was really remarkable how quickly the pain went if he was allowed to stay at home; why, he got better just directly! It was not often she dared to keep him from school, however, and if she did, she had to hide him from his father.

On school mornings the boy shrank from going out with a shivering that was almost physical. When he stole through the Green Gate with his bag slithering at his hip (not braced between the shoulders like a birkie scholar's) he used to feel ruefully that he was in for it now—and the Lord alone knew what he would have to put up with ere he came home! And he always had the feeling of a freed slave when he passed the gate on his return, never failing to note with delight the clean smell of the yard after the stuffiness of school, sucking it in through glad nostrils.

As he crept along the School Road with a rueful face, he was alone, for his sister Janet, who was cleverer than he, was always earlier at school. The absence of children in the sunny street lent to his depression. He felt forlorn; if there had been a chattering crowd marching along he would have been much more at his ease.

Quite recently the school had been fitted up with varnished desks, and John, who inherited his mother's nervous senses with his father's lack of wit, was always intensely alive to the smell of the desks the moment he went in; and as his heart always sank when he went in, the smell became associated in his mind with that sinking of the heart—to feel it, no matter where, filled him with uneasiness. As he stole past the joiner's on that sunny morning, when wood was resinous and pungent of odor, he was suddenly conscious of a varnish smell, and felt a misgiving without knowing why. It was years after, in

Edinburgh, ere he knew the reason; he found that he never went past an upholsterer's shop, on a hot day in spring, without being conscious of a vague depression, and feeling like a boy slinking into school.

In spite of his forebodings nothing more untoward befell him that morning than a cut over the cowering shoulders for being late as he crept to the bottom of his class. He reached "leave" (the ten minutes' run at 12 o'clock, without misadventure). Perhaps it was this unwelcome good fortune that made him boastful when he crouched near the pump among his cronies, sitting on his hunkers with his back to the wall. Half a dozen boys were about him, and Swikey Broom was in front, making mud pellets in a trickle from the pump.

He began talking of the new range.  
"Yah! Auld Gemmell needn't have let whelp at me for being late this morning," he spluttered big-eyed, nodding his head in aggrieved and solemn protest. "It wasna my fault! We're getting in a grand new range, and the whole of the kitchen fireplace has been gutted out to make room for't, and my mother couldn't get my breakfast in time this morning, because, ye see, she had to boil everything in the parlor—and here when she gaed ben the house, the parlor fire was out!"

"It's to be a splendid range, the new one," he went on, with a concealed jerk of the head. "Peter Riney's bringin' it from Skeighan in the afternoon. My father says there wanna be its equal in the parish!"

The faces of the boys lowered uncomfortably. They felt it was a silly thing of Gourlay to blow his own trumpet in this way, but, being boys, they could not prick his conceit with a quick rejoinder. It is only grown-ups who can be ironical; physical violence is the boy's reprieve. It had scarcely gone far enough for that yet, so they lowered in uncomfortable silence.

"We're aye getting new things up at our place," he went on. "I heard my father telling Gliscen the builder, he must have everything of the best! Mother says it'll all be mine some day. I'll have the fine time when I leave the school—and that wanna be long now, for I'm clean sick o't. I'll no bide a day longer than I need! I'm to go into the business, and then I'll have the times; I'll dash about the country in a gig wi' two dogs wallowing ahin'. I'll have the great life o't."

"Phit!" said Swikey Broom, and planted a gob of mud right in the middle of his brow.  
"Hoh! hoh! hoh!" yelled the others. They hailed Swikey's action with delight because, to their minds, it exactly met the case. It was the one fit retort to his bounding.

Beneath the wet plunk of the mud John started back, bumping his head against the wall behind him. The sticky pellet clung to his brow and he brushed it angrily aside. The laughter of the others added to his wrath against Swikey.

"What are you after?" he bawled. "Don't try your tricks on me, Swikey Broom. Man, I could kill ye wi' a glower!"

In a twinkling Swikey's jacket was off and he was dancing in his shirt-sleeves, inviting Gourlay to come on and try't.

"G'way, man," said John, his face as white as

the wall; "g'way, man! Don't have me getting up to ye, or I'll knock the deas out of your dugs!"

Now the father of Swikey—so called because he always swiped when battling at rounders—the father of Swikey was the rag and bone merchant

## THE COMBAT.



SWIKEY GAVE HIM ONE ON THE MOUTH THAT SPLIT HIS LIP.

of Barrie, and it was said (with what degree of truth I know not) that his home was verminous in consequence. John's taunt was calculated, therefore, to sting him to the quick.

The action of the Brooms, fired for the honor of his house, drove straight at the mouth of the in-

terferer. But John jouked to the side, and Swikey skinned his knuckles on the wall.

For a moment he roared to and fro, doubled up in pain, crying "Ooh!" with a rueful face, and squeezing his hands between his thighs to dull his sharper agonies. Then, with rebounded wrath, he hurled him at the foe. He grabbed Gourlay's head and shoved it down between his knees, proceeded to pummel his bent back, while John bellowed angrily (from between Swikey's legs), "Let me up, son!"

Swikey let him up. John came at him with whirling arms, but Swikey jouked and gave him one on the mouth that split his lip. In another moment Gourlay was groveling on his hands and knees, and triumphant Swikey, astride his back, was bellowing "Hurroo!"—Swikey's father was an

could fight ten of him! Come on, Gourlay!" he cried, "and I'll poultice the road wi' your brose!"

John rose, glaring. But when Swikey rushed he turned and fled. The boys ran into the middle of the street, pointing after the coward and shouting "Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!" with infinite cruel derision of boyhood.

"Yeh! Yeh! Yeh!" the cries of exclamation and contempt pursued him as he ran.

Ere he had gone a hundred yards he heard the shrill whistle with which Mr. Gemmell summoned his scholars from their play.

The boy slunk home and hid in the attic, lest his father should find him, until school was out.

The sounds of the outer world reached him in his loneliness and annoyed him, because, while wondering what they were, he dared not look out to see.

To him, reading was never more than a means of escape from something else; he never thought of a book so long as there were things to see. Some things were different from others, it is true. Things of the outer world, where he swayed and whirled his fellows and was thrashed, and bungled his lessons and was thrashed again, impressed themselves vividly on his mind, and he hated the impressions. When Swikey Broom was not the sweat pores always glistened distinctly on the end of his mottled nose. John, as he thought angrily of Swikey this afternoon, saw the glistening sweat pores before him and wanted to bash them. The varnish smell of the desks, the smell of the wallflowers at Mrs. Manzie's on the way to school, the smell of the school itself, to all these he was morbidly alive, and he loathed them. But he loved the impressions of his home. His mind was full of perceptions of which he was unconscious, till he found one of them recorded in a book, and that was the book for him. The curious physical always drew his mind to hate it or to love. In summer he would crawl into the bottom of an old hedge, among the black mould and the withered sticks, and watch a red-edged beetle creep slowly up a bit of wood till near the top, and fall suddenly down, and creep patiently again—this he would watch with a curious interest and remember always.

"Johnny," said his mother once, "what do you breenie into the bushes to watch those nasty things for?"

"They're queer," he said, musingly.

Even if he was a little dull wi' the book, she was sure he would come to something, for, eh, he was such a noising boy.

But there was nothing to touch him in "The Wooing of Anzelina," he was moving in an alien world. It was a complicated plot, and some of the numbers being lost, he was not sharp enough to catch the ideas of the story. He read slowly and without interest. The sounds of the outer world reached him in his loneliness and annoyed him, because, while wondering what they were, he dared not look out to see. He heard the rattle of wheels entering the big yard; that would be Peter Riney back from Skeighan with the range. Once he heard the birr of his father's voice in the lobby and his mother speaking in shrill protest, and then—oh, horror!—his father came up the stair. Would he come into the garret, John lying on his left side, felt his quickened heart thud against the boards, and he could not take his big frightened eyes from the bottom of the door. But the heavy step passed and went into another room. John's open mouth was dry, and his shirt was sticking to his back.

The heavy steps came back to the landing.

"Whaur's my gimlet?" yelled his father down the stair.

"Oh, I lost the corkscrew, and took it to open a bottle," cried his mother, wearily. "Here it is, man, in the kitchen barrow, and he knew he was infernal angry if he should come in. But he went tramping down the stair, and

John, after waiting till his pulses were stilled, resumed his reading. He heard the mason's, the kitchen, busy with the range, and he would have liked fine to watch them, but he dared not go down till after four. It was lonely up here by himself. A hot wind had sprung up, and it seemed through the keyhole drearily, "oo-woo-oo!" it cried, and the sound drenched him in a vague depression.

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At last he heard Janet in the lobby. That meant that school was over. He crept down the stair.

"You were playing the truant," said Janet, and she nodded her head in accusation. "I've a good mind to tell my father!"

"If ye wud—" he said, and shook his fist at her threateningly. She shrank away from him. They went into the kitchen together.

The range had been successfully installed, and Mr. Gourlay was showing it to Grant of Loranog, the foremost farmer of the shire. Mrs. Gourlay, standing by the kitchen table, viewed her new possession with a faded simper of approval. She was pleased that Mr. Grant should see the grand new thing that they had gotten. She listened to the talk of the men with a faint smile about her weary lips, her eyes upon the sowsy range.

"Dod, it's a handsome piece of furniture," said Loranog. "How did ye get it brought here, Mr. Gourlay?"

"I went to Glasgow and ordered it special. It came to Skeighan by the train, and my own beasts brought it ower. That fender's a feature," he added, complacently. "It's unusual wi' a range."

The massive fender ran from end to end of the fireplace, projecting a little in front; its rim, a square bar of heavy steel, with bright sharp edges. "And that poker, too; man, there's a history wi' that. I made a point of the making o't. He was an ill-brew little whelp, the bodie in Glasgow. I happened to say till him I would like a poker-held just the same size as the rim of the fender! 'What d'ye want wi' a newy-headed poker?' says he; 'a ye need a bit sma' thing to type the ribs wi'. Is that so?' says I. 'How do you ken what I want?' I made short work o' him. 'The poker-held's the identical size o' the rim; I had it made to fit!'"

Loranog thought it a silly thing of Gourlay to concern himself about a poker. But that was just like him, of course. The moment the body in Glasgow opposed his whim, Gourlay, he knew, would make a point o't.

The grain merchant took the bar of heavy metal in his hand. "Dod, it's an awful weapon," he said, meaning to be jocose. "You could murder a man wi't."

"Deed you could," said Loranog; "you could kill him wi' the one lick!"

The elders, engaged with more important matters, paid no attention to the children, who had pushed between them to the front and were looking up at their faces, as they talked, with curious watching eyes. John, with his instinct to notice things, took the poker up when his father laid it down, to see if it was really the size of the rim. It was too heavy for him to raise by the handle, he had to lift it by the middle. Janet was at his elbow, watching him. "You could kill a man with that," he told her, importantly, though she had heard it for herself. Janet stared and shuddered. Then the boy laid the poker-head along the rim, fitting edge to edge with a nice precision.

"Mother," he cried, turning toward her in his interest. "Mother, look here! It's exactly the same size!"

"Put it down, sir," said his father with a grim smile at Loranog. "You'll be killing folk next." (To Be Continued.)

## MAKE YOUR OWN DRESS.

MME. LOUISE TEBBS HOW.

## CREPE DE CHINE WAIST.

Dear Mrs. Louise:  
I enclose a sample of silk of which I have a skirt, also a waist. I would like very much to remodel the skirt, which is five yards. Please design me a black crepe de Chine waist for the size wear. Age 1 am 28-inch waist and 40 bust.

CLAIRE.



LOUISE.

A five-yard skirt needs little remodeling, a little stylish trimming well arranged and it will be all one would desire. Cut the bottom of the skirt in

## HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

## SECRETS OF BEAUTY REVEALED.

## To Darken the Eyebrows.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
I would like to have my eyebrows just a little darker and turn my red hair to golden blond.

A BROOKLYNITE.  
You can have your eyebrows stained to a shade you desire or you can make them darker by using an eyebrow pencil. If the stain is skillfully applied it is absolutely imperceptible. Nothing so weakens the expression of the face as colorless eyebrows, and I think any one is justified in resorting to artifice to remedy such a defect. But you are foolish to wish to change the color of your hair. Red hair is extremely fashionable. You can produce a golden shade by applying peroxide of hydrogen, which in your case I should dilute half and half with pure water—that is to say, half peroxide and half water.

## To Destroy Parasites.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
You recommended at one time bichloride of mercury soap as a cure for parasites. Have used some, but do not find it has done any good. Would you kindly give me full particulars how to use it?

A. R.  
It is simply impossible for a parasite to live after it has come in contact with the dissolved bichloride of mercury soap.

If the mixture reaches every portion

of the scalp and every hair of the head is wet with it it is not necessary to use it but once. Half a cake of soap is not too much to use for one thorough treatment.

The hair should be rinsed afterward with five or six clear waters.

In applying the soap mixture it is best first to wet the hair thoroughly with clear water, then rub the mixture into the scalp with the finger tips as directed.

Peroxide and Insanity.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:  
Kindly let me know if peroxide of hydrogen is dangerous to the brain. How can I reduce my bust?

Peroxide will not affect the brain. Used as suggested it is absolutely harmless. A great many persons do not know that peroxide of hydrogen is merely a highly oxygenated water.

It is antiseptic and is used in the hospitals for throat and other treatments.

Used on the hair with ammonia, as the hairdressers unfortunately often apply it, it will in time destroy the constitution of the hair and make the hair spongy. I am quite sure there has never been an actual case of insanity caused by peroxide of hydrogen.

## WOMEN LOSE THEIR WEDDING RINGS.

In last Wednesday's Evening World.

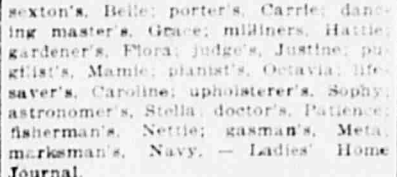
"Hortense," one of the "Wounded Heart" correspondents, spoke of having found a wedding ring. The letters following are from anxious women who have each been so unfortunate as to lose the sacred symbol of wedlock—the golden circle that is the emblem of endless constancy. It is, moreover, a fact of curious interest that so many women should have lost a ring which

## A NEW GAME.

Here is a novel and amusing way of entertaining young people and other folk at parties or family gatherings. Let the hostess act as a fortune-teller, who will give each man present the name of his future wife, according to his occupation. Then have those present guess what the names should be. To make the subject clear, tell them that a civil engineer's wife will be Bridget. Here's a list of some others. A chemist, Ann Eliza; a gambler, Betty; a humorist, Sally; a clergyman's, Marie; a shoemaker's, Peggy; a sexton's, Belle; a porter's, Carrie; a dancing master's, Grace; a milliner's, Hattie; a gardener's, Flora; a judge's, Justine; a politician's, Maria; a pianist's, Octavia; a life-saver's, Caroline; an upholsterer's, Sophy; an astronomer's, Stella; a doctor's, Patience; a fisherman's, Nettie; a gasman's, Meta; a marksman's, Navy. — Ladies' Home Journal.

## FOR HOME DRESSMAKERS.

The Evening World's Daily Fashion Hint.



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